

CHANGE.

The opening speech of the campaign on the Radical side was made, by Mr. CARL SCHURZ, the Secretary of the Interior, who was selected as the fittest person to strike the keynote. He did it, and his speech was made the campaign document, and is daily reproduced in one or another editorial shape in all the Radical newspapers North. Next to malignant war upon the South, nothing so much engages the attention of papers and speakers there as the Secretary's idea of the dangers of "a change" in administration. This seemed to be what he most dreaded, and he did some very spread-eagle speaking about it. In imagination he beheld the whole continent rocking under the tread of hundreds of thousands of men marching on, not to the tune of JOHN BROWN's soul, but still with stalwart step and visage fierce to grasp the hundred thousand offices of which the Radicals are now in possession. The "impetuous rush," the "starved look," of these "ravenous applicants" wrung from the Secretary the exclamation, "A Democratic victory means that the victors will take all the offices, and at once!" "This means," he cried out, "a destruction of the whole administrative machinery of the government."

Well, why not? It is a common opinion among office-holders that their displacement from office is the signal of the deluge. Doubtless the Secretary shares this opinion. He says, however, that his object is to "appeal to the understanding of the business men of the country." From the nature of the appeal it would seem that he rates that understanding low. Does the Democratic party represent no business interests? It is but very slightly outnumbered at the North, and it is the whole business South. Do not Democrats represent a pretty equal portion of property in those States north in which the majorities are against them? Taking the great Democratic States of New York, Indiana and New Jersey, and the Southern States, does not the Democratic party represent the larger part of the property of the country? Would it be too much to assume that with the conservative instincts inherent in that party as the possessors of property, with its unquestioned patriotism and its admitted ability, these offices would be filled in a manner to promote the highest interests of the country? If the Secretary were permitted to retain his place, we feel sure he would be the last to doubt it. He is one of those who highly appreciate that charity which begins at home, that is to say which bestows itself in his breeches-pockets when it leaves the breeches-pockets of others.

Mr. SCHURZ's argument is too broad. The evils which he sees in the simultaneous change in the Executive office, in the Cabinet offices, and all other offices, are inherent in all popular institutions. So long as the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people exists, there will be changes of administration when either the doctrines of the administration or its methods cease to command the people's confidence. Does the Secretary look back with regret to the more stable administrations of his father-land, where an Emperor with a vast standing army secures the stillness and repose of despotism? Is this an outcropping of the tendencies towards centralization which meet us on every hand in the Republican party? For more than twenty years this Republican party has been in power, and now the only plea—viz: the difficulty in the transfer of the Government from one party to another—that it can advance for its continuance, is one that carries in its impeachment of the institutions under which we live.

CONSEQUENCES OF FRAUD.

Mr. Secretary SCHURZ was a most prominent advocate of civil-service reform. He did not like GRANT, because GRANT would not reform anything, not even his Cabinet so as to let in Mr. SCHURZ. He did like HAYES, because HAYES promised to reform everything, and gave an earnest of his good intent by having Mr. SCHURZ employed to speak for him at \$200 to \$500 a speech, and supplemented this lucrative job with high office and large salary. This was good enough for Mr. SCHURZ, but it was necessary when he opened the campaign to explain why the same measure of reform had not been meted to his hearers. He recognized the need and attempted the explanation. Admitting that promises of civil-service reform had not been fulfilled, he says, for himself, that "no Cabinet Minister can carry out a reform in the branch of the public service over which he presides unless he has the President at his back," and, for the President, that "no man who has not witnessed it has an adequate conception of the pressure the President is subjected to."

Just so. That explains fully the ignominious failure of civil reform under President HAYES's administration. Mr. HAYES owed his office not to the votes of the people, but to the frauds by politicians: How could he oppose the mechanic dicta to him? "Hath not the potter power over the clay?" What Mr. SCHURZ says

is but another demonstration of the need in the Presidency of such a man as Gen. HANCOCK—a man of firm will, of the highest moral standard, of the loftiest patriotism, of opinions regarding the nature and scope of our government which have challenged the admiration of the greatest constitutional lawyer in the country. Admirable as his other qualities are, his high moral character contributes an element of inestimable value. Without it no man can exert great influence in a high sphere. Holding his high office by fraud, what has Mr. HAYES been able to do? What could GARFIELD do in such a station?

LINCOLN AND CATAWBA.

Major S. M. FINGER, who has been nominated for the State Senate in the thirty-seventh District is not a novice in legislation. He represented the District with ability in the Senate of 1876-77, and did the State good service in the School Bill of that session, of which he was the author. It was a vast improvement on the old law in all respects save one—it did not provide for sufficient funds to lengthen materially the school terms. But Major FINGER did the best for the schools that could then be done, and we hope that next winter he will find a Legislature convinced, as he and we then were, that it need not fear to levy any reasonable tax for educational purposes. The people will pay such taxes very cheerfully now, at all events, if they can see their way to getting the worth of their money.

DAVIDSON county is out of debt, its taxes are reduced, and it has \$4,000 in its Treasury. The Lexington Exchange prints the record of county government since 1868. From that year to 1874, the Radicals had possession of the county. They levied large taxes and spent them; borrowed large sums and squandered them; paid jurors and witnesses in scrip which they refused to receive for taxes and bought in for personal speculation at fifty cents in the dollar. When the Democrats got possession in September, 1874, they found a debt of \$13,905.29 and taxes of \$2 on polls and 85 cents on property. They have paid off the whole of the debt, and steadily reduced the tax levy. This year it is \$1.85 on polls and 62 cents on property.

THE NEW YORK Times urges upon the business men of the country that Democratic success would not only check, but utterly destroy the prosperity of the country. The business men probably have sense enough to know that the ruin which overwhelmed the country in 1873 was the result of Radical misrule, and that the return to prosperity has resulted from pinching economy, from good crops in this country and wars and bad crops abroad, and from Democratic control of Congress. Make that control sufficiently powerful to revise the tariff iniquity, and elect a President who will not interpose his veto on that measure of justice to a plundered people, and the country will enter upon a career of prosperity such as it has never known.

THE NEW YORK World prints an open letter from ex-Senator JOHN POOL to JOSEPH B. CHERRY, Esq., of Windsor, in which Mr. POOL sets forth reasons which induce him to support HANCOCK. The letter is an amplification of the POOL interview, printed in THE NEWS in June last. That was two columns, and we don't think our readers would care to see it done in six. Too much of a good thing, &c., &c.

THE LATE TELEGRAMS TO THE NEWS arrive at so late an hour of the night, or rather at so early an hour in the morning, that for convenience of saving the mails they are separated from the regular noon and night dispatches. They will be found on the third instead of the first page.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]

NEW YORK, August 23.
EDITOR NEWS:—Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Morehead of Durham are here on their way South from Saratoga. Rev. Dr. Phillips returned some days ago from a visit to kinfolk in New Jersey. His health has improved—he preached twice whilst there, a thing which he had not been able to do for a year or two—and is in good spirits. Rev. Mr. Chaffin, of Fayetteville called to see me to-day, on his way home. A Mr. Moore, of Mississippi, called yesterday, reminding me that about thirty years ago he was the horse-mill rider between Fayetteville and Salisbury, via Carthage and Ashboro'. About that time he removed to Mississippi, where he is now a planter and merchant. In the course of conversation he mentioned that seven or eight hundred negroes in his neighborhood had joined in the exodus to Kansas, all of whom, with the exception of one living and some dead ones, are back again, and most happy that they are back, after losing the little pittance that they had possessed, amounting in the aggregate to a good many thousands of dollars. His statement surprised me, for, though I knew that many had returned, I was not prepared to hear of such unity of wish and action. The papers here were ready enough to tell of the exodus, but not so careful to tell of its result, for this shows how much happier and better off the negroes are and have found themselves to be among their true friends than among the false friends whose only aim was to rob them. There has been another instance of New York "justice," so-called. In my last I mentioned the case of Boynton, the Michigan lawyer, who was arrested for offering to sell Southern bonds stolen by Sherman's bummers, after he

knew that they were stolen and had been warned not to offer them for sale. Justice Smith, of the Toms Court, discharged him on the pretence that no guilty intent had been proved against him. A day or two after this a Broadway broker was arrested and carried before the same Justice Smith, on the charge of having hypothecated a thousand dollar bond of a Missouri railroad, which had been stolen along with fifty-nine others from a rich man of this city in 1873. The broker had borrowed a thousand dollars upon it, and many thousands upon others like it. The inference would naturally be that the Justice would discharge this man likewise, on the same ground of want of proof of guilty intent. But it is quite a different thing to steal from a rich Northern man than from a poor Southern man; and so the broker is held for trial, as clearly he ought to be; but so should have been the Michigan receiver of stolen goods.

The second bull-fight has passed without a fight. The nearest approach to it was between Mr. Bergh and his men and the deputy sheriffs, but that was only a war of words, vulgar and profane words of course. The whole affair has been a ridiculous humbug, which has very effectually killed the notion of bull-fighting in New York.

Whilst coming down Broadway yesterday morning, I met Mr. J. W. Beard, of Kernersville, at the door of the immense ready-made clothing house in which he is a salesman, the names of whose several proprietors, except the last, Mr. "Co." are unpronounceable and unspellable. In accordance with his invitation I went in to look at the establishment, which is one of the curiosities of this great city. A building fifty feet wide by two hundred feet deep, five stories above and two under ground, with great stacks of clothes, piled to the ceiling, and so close that there is only room for one man to pass at a time through the alleys. It is said to be the largest establishment in that line in the United States, if not in the world. On a part of the top floor were five machines for cutting out garments by steam machinery. Half a dozen layers of cloth are marked on the upper surface with white chalk, the machine is put in motion, its sharp flat knife runs horizontally hither and thither, the eye of the operator guiding it along the white lines through all sorts of angles, and in a minute or two half a dozen garments are cut out, ready for the sewing machines, which are not in the building, but all about the city and country. Is it not a wonder that these thousand labor-saving machines have left anything for man's or woman's hands to do?

A friend who came from Norfolk lately, on one of the Old Dominion Steamships, tells me that a passenger was on board who had five thousand live chickens, which he had bought up in Tennessee, and was bringing to the New York market; and the captain of the steamer informed him that this was a regular business, and that he had brought as many as thirty thousand at one time. They are placed in wooden frames, with troughs around, in which water and food are regularly placed for the fowls to get at through the slats. I mention this for the benefit of any enterprising individuals who may be inclined to follow this Tennessee example. North Carolina is nearer New York than Tennessee. A great crowd assembled in Central Park on Thursday, and waited there for hours, to see a man commit suicide, as he promised to do at 3 p. m., by first shooting and then drowning. In the *Herald* of that morning he stated the spot and the time at which the exhibition was to come off. The police forces were mustered, but the man failed to appear, and the disappointed crowd had to go off without the pleasure they hoped for.

A sort of Tichborne case has arisen here. A Mr. Phillips abandoned his wife and son in Brooklyn forty years ago, and all trace of him was lost. After ten years waiting, the wife, taking for granted that he was dead, married Mr. Wiggins. At the end of thirty years she died, leaving Wiggins and two other sons besides her Phillips son. Thereupon Phillips is found, or at least a man who says he is Phillips, and is recognized as such by her Phillips son, who is now Dr. Phillips of Clinton Avenue, the most fashionable part of Brooklyn. He and his son claim the entire estate of upwards of a hundred thousand dollars, to which they are undoubtedly entitled if he be the veritable Phillips, for in that case the second marriage was bigamy and void, and the two sons born thereof are illegitimate. But this second husband and two sons deny his identity and assert that it is a conspiracy to defraud them. It is a case for hard swearing and heavy fees.

The Republican Nation now and then gets off a good thing, as this:—"The principal 'campaign stories' of the week are that Mr. English has, during the past three or four years, foreclosed a considerable number of mortgages in Indiana to recover payment of small loans. This discovery was made by the Cincinnati Commercial, and many of our esteemed Republican contemporaries seem to think it a very valuable one. Mr. English seems, like many other men, to be in the habit of investing considerable sums on mortgage, which is usually considered a business transaction, the object of the mortgage being to enable the creditor to get his money back in case the interest is not paid. But the esteemed Republican contemporaries seem to think that the mortgage is something which is drawn up either for fun or to save the debtor's dignity, and which no creditor fit to be Vice-President would think of taking seriously. So when Mr. English treats his as real security and enforces it, they denounce him as a humbug and hypocrite, and as 'no poor man's friend.' This is a sorry business for a paper like the Cincinnati Commercial to take up, and would be much better suited to Dennis Kearney's organ. When the editor takes a mortgage we wonder what he does with it?" H.

The Charlotte Observer says that on Saturday the Gaston Democrats nominated James W. Reed for the Senate; W. G. Morris for the House; and R. A. White for Sheriff. Gaston intends to outdo its other achievements in the way of Democratic majorities this year. They are good workers and magnificent Democrats in Gaston.

They were on their wedding tour, and she said: "Darling, why did you choose me?" "I saw you sweeping the library one day." "Then you chose me because I did not disdain the broom?" "No, but because you could not handle it well."

Committee-Room Campaigning.

[From the New York Herald, 22d.]

DEMOCRATS JUBILANT.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Democratic Committee was held yesterday afternoon. Notices of the formation of a large number of Hancock and English Clubs in different States were received and many letters asking for campaign documents. Communications were read from correspondents in Illinois, Michigan, Nebraska, Ohio and a number of other States, all to the effect that the Democratic cause was going ahead like a house on fire.

Hon. P. H. Kelly, the member of the National Committee from Minnesota, leaves New York for home to-night. He said last night at headquarters that he was almost afraid to go home and meet his people, so great was the demand from them for campaign documents. He had not expected such intense interest in the campaign at this early stage, but it seemed impossible for any organization, however effective, to keep up with the demand of the people. "For instance," Mr. Kelly said, "there is a letter from Mr. Robert Miller, the Secretary of the State Committee. He writes that the minds of the people are fairly gasping for documents, and it does not seem possible to feed them enough. The most encouraging thing in our State, to me, is the apparently universal determination of the Germans to support Hancock. Our largest accession of Republicans is from the Germans, but the enthusiasm extends to all classes. My relations with the Pacific States are very intimate, and my advice from that section are of the same character as from Minnesota. In California there has always been a strong affection for Hancock ever since the stand he took against secession in that State as a young officer in 1861. My advice from the West generally are so encouraging that I almost try not to believe them for fear of being made over-confident. This is especially true of the State of Illinois, where my connections are intimate. In Minnesota I could name a hundred leading men hitherto Republicans who have assured me that they will vote and work for Hancock."

REPUBLICANS ACTIVE.

Among the prominent visitors at the National Republican headquarters yesterday was General John A. Logan. He had just come down from Maine, and declared emphatically that it was all nonsense to call the State doubtful; that it was as solidly Republican as ever it was in years gone by, and that it would go for Garfield and Arthur by a rousing majority. The General on being questioned as to the popularity of the Democratic candidate for Governor of Illinois, Judge Trumbull, smiled a smile of derision and said he didn't know that Trumbull was a Democrat, that even if he was it wouldn't help him very much, for he was as cold as a refrigerator and never once took his whisky straight according to Democratic practice.

Governor Jewell receives all sorts of men with the utmost urbanity. The visitors calling upon him are of all sorts and kinds. Yesterday there came to him a low sized, sharp featured, black complexioned man, who delivered himself to the Governor thus: "Governor, the Republican party ain't goin' to win this time. Ain't they? Well, I bet they are. They're goin' to win, and Hancock won't know he ever run. I've just come from Ohio, and I know the chance for the Democrats ain't worth a continental damn. We've got 'em just where we want 'em. If those blundering rebels think they're goin' to confiscate this country to pay their blundered rebel debts they're just about as mistaken as the man who thought the moon was made of green cheese."

Mr. Stuyvesant, Secretary of the Republican Campaign Club, declared yesterday his solemn conviction that the State of New York would be carried by the Republicans by a majority of at least twenty-five thousand. He had correspondence from all parts of the State that satisfied him this result was inevitable. The first edition of the campaign song book of 50,000 is completely exhausted, and the second edition, which is now under way, is already forestalled by outside applications. (On the Garfield side this campaign will be all song.)

The Rope as a Rope to Heaven.

[New York Herald, 21st.]

If we are to accept the words of those who, dying on the scaffold, are supposed to be in the full possession of their senses till the last, and who at such a serious moment are expected to be more truthful than at any other time of their lives, the angels keep very bad company indeed beyond the confines of this wicked world and are not at all particular in whose society they are found. Murderers who have defied the laws of God and man and outraged every better human instinct universally announce to the awe-struck crowd gathered about the gallows that though they are supposed to be going down to an unhallowed grave they are in reality about to soar upward on outstretched wings to constitute the latest addition to the angels and to speedily join the heavenly choir. Average men of honest and upright lives expect to find it exceedingly difficult, as a rule, to find their ways to this state of restful bliss, but to the mind of the criminal the exchange of a halter for a crown is evidently to be counted on as a certainty, and of such as they, according to their ideas, is the kingdom of heaven. What method of religious instruction is followed that leads the mind of the criminal to such lengths it is well to inquire. Any teachings in the cell of the condemned that will soften the hardened heart to repentance and moisten the dull eyes with tears of sorrow are to be commended; that the death of the man may be edifying; but the practice of working him up to such a state of religious excitement as to cause him to announce the brilliant programme arranged for his reception beyond the grave is not alone a mistaken one, but a mockery of religion. Robertson's death on the gallows, in Ohio, yesterday is a case in point. It was the execution of a fellow who has committed at least nine murders, who fought on both sides during the war, evidently for the pleasure of bloodshed—he endeavored to stand on his war record, by the way, in his speech—who has helped more than any other living American, probably, to lighten the labors of the census enumerators, and who for years has so conducted his life as to eminently fit him-

self for a place even hotter than his late jail quarters during these August days. But this one, like his fellows, announces where he may be found in future by inquiring friends. "Angels are waiting for him." If his word is to be taken, if his religious advisers have not taught him wrongly, heaven is his. He is so good as to designate whom he expects to meet there, and expressly stated that no gentlemen from Franklin township, against which he has a grudge, would be of the pleasant company. The citizens of Franklin, Ohio, may feel somewhat depressed at this, but we think they had better take the chances after all, despite this advance news. But the dying speeches of Robertson will have done some good if they will be accepted as a warning to those reverend gentlemen in charge of the condemned that such teachings as result in these scenes outrage justice and are a scandal to religion.

Bibles With Queer Names.

An interesting collection of Bibles was recently exhibited in London, which comprised copies of all the editions that, because of peculiar errors of the printers, or from some other reason, have been known by strange names. Among the Bibles on exhibition were the following:

The Gutenberg Bible.—The Earliest Book Known, Printed from Movable Metal Types, is the Latin Bible Issued by Gutenberg, at Mainz, A. D. 1450.

The Bug Bible.—Was so Called from its Rendering of Psalms xix, 5: "Afraid of Bugs by Night." Our Present Version reads, "Terror by Night." A. D. 1551.

The Breches Bible.—The Geneva Version is that Popularly Known as the Breches Bible, from its Rendering of Genesis iii, 7: (Making Themselves Breches out of Fig-Leaves.) This Translation of the Scriptures—The Result of the Labors of the English Exiles at Geneva—was the English Family Bible during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth and till Supplanted by the Present Authorized Version of King James I.

The Place-makers Bible.—From a remarkable Typographical Error which occurs in Matthew v. 9: "Blessed are the Place-makers," instead of Peace-makers. A. D. 1562.

The Treacle Bible.—From its Rendering of Jeremiah vii. 22: "Is There no Treacle [instead of Balm] in Gilead?" A. D. 1568.

The Rosin Bible.—From the same Text, but Translated "Rosin" in the Douai version. A. D. 1609.

The He and She Bibles.—From the Respective Renderings of Ruth iii. 15:—one Reading that "She went into the City." The other has it that "He went." A. D. 1611.

The Wicked Bible.—From the Fact that the Negative has been Left Out of the Seventh Commandment. (Exodus xx. 14.) For which the Printer was Fined \$300. A. D. 1631.

The Thumb Bible.—Being One Inch Square and Half an Inch Thick, was Published at Aberdeen. A. D. 1670.

The Vinegar Bible.—So Named from the Headline of the 20th Chapter of Luke, which reads as "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of the Vineyard. A. D. 1717.

The Printers' Bible.—We are told by Cotton Mather that in a Bible printed prior to 1702, a blundering Typographer made King David exclaim that "Printers (instead of Princes) Persecuted him without a cause." See Psalms cix. 161.

The Murderers' Bible.—So called from an Error in the Sixteenth verse of the Epistle of Jude, the word "Murderers" being used instead of "Murmurers." A. D. 1801.

The Cuxton Memorial Bible.—Wholly Printed and Bound in 12 hours, but only 100 copies struck off. A. D. 1877.

The Watermelon Matter.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Both the School of Philosophy of Concord and General Le Due forwarded to the Lime Kiln Club communications of the same date, inquiring what influence the watermelon had been found to exert on the feelings of members of the club. The query calling for a general discussion, the members were asked to give their views.

Burgum Harris said that one big watermelon had cured him of consumption, after the doctors had told him that he must die.

Nevertheless Brown had always noticed that whenever anybody around the market gave him a melon he had scarcely devoured it before he had an almost uncontrollable desire to go out and steal a larger and riper one. He believed that the watermelon had done more to tempt the colored race to steal than all other fruits combined.

The Rev. Penstock said that watermelon always had a soothing influence on him, and the bigger the melon the greater the soothe.

It was just the other way with Carriover White. After eating his fill of the luscious fruit he always felt like going in with the Mayor to break up a ward caucus.

More than a score of opinions were advanced, pro and con, and the President finally closed the discussion by saying: "De Secretary will announce to de effect dat de club am unable to agree on de pertickler effect produced on the mental an' fizical system, but it at de same time advises de public at large not to let a single melon go to waste in de kentry fur de want of pickin' up."

SUNSTROKES.

The Committee on the Sick reported the fact that Skarawan Roldface, a local member, had applied for relief on the grounds that he was ill in bed from having undergone a sunstroke.

"Dar am sumthin werry sing'lar in some of dese cases of sunstroke," thoughtfully replied the President. "I have seen 'em whar you couldn't hardly tell whar struck de hardest—de sun or de whiskey. Until de committee investigates an' makes spah if de disease isn't half sun an' half whiskey no further axshun will be taken."

THE GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club, under its new leadership, then indulged in a ballad entitled "Left out in the Cold," the first verse of which ran as follows:

Dar was a man named Julius White,
An' a cullud man was he;
His show for gittin' rich was good
As any show could be.

Chorus—
But instead of goin' to work—he'd growl an' fuss around—
An' blow about de weather—
Go fishin'—an' cuff his wife—an' kick his dog—
An' so forth all de time.

A Tennessee Tragedy.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., August 21, 1880.—Last evening, just before the performance of John Robinson's circus at Morristown, Sheriff Loop, of Hamblen county, attempted to arrest Ben Richardson, a desperate character, for shooting a negro in an affray. Richardson resisted and fired at the Sheriff, seriously wounding the latter in the abdomen. A general row followed, in which pistols were freely used. During the affray, which occurred in a barroom, Richardson killed Policeman James T. Morris and wounded other participants, after which he leaped on his horse and endeavored to get away. Sheriff Loop summoned a special officer, who fired at Richardson while attempting to escape. He fell dead from his horse, the ball having entered his back and passed through his heart. Six others were wounded during the indiscriminate fusillade. Sheriff Loopingers in a critical condition, and great excitement prevails in that vicinity.

CINCINNATI, August 21, 1880.—A special dispatch to the Commercial from Morristown, Tenn., with reference to the tragedy enacted there yesterday, characterizes B. F. Richardson, the leading actor in it, as a dreading desperado. He came early to the circus yesterday and made himself characteristically conspicuous for disorderly conduct. From the circus he went to J. J. Sikes' saloon, and there accused a negro of insulting his wife two years ago. The negro protested innocence, but Richardson drew a revolver and fired two shots at the retreating negro without effect. The town marshal, James F. Morris, appeared immediately and ordered Richardson under arrest. The latter drew a pistol, but Marshal Morris covering him with a pistol he yielded. He was taken before a magistrate, where he was held to await the action of the Grand Jury.

He gave bonds and was released. Richardson then went to the circus and stayed there till six o'clock in the evening, when he returned to Sikes' saloon, entered it by the back door, passed to the front door, and looking out, saw Marshal Morris standing near, with his back toward the door. Without a word Richardson sent a pistol ball through Marshal Morris' head killing him instantly. Sheriff H. Loop, who was standing near the murdered man, looked around to see where the shot came from, but barely in time to see Richardson fire two shots at him in rapid succession. Loop received the first shot in his abdomen, and the second in a finger, cutting it off. Sheriff Loop returned the fire with two shots at Richardson now retreating toward his horse. The town was aroused and people headed the murderer off and prevented his escape. Just as Richardson reached his horse a young man named Halfmaster put a ball through his heart and he fell dead.

The funerals of both parties took place to-day. Morris is much mourned and Halfmaster is applauded.

Whence America is Peopled.

[From the New York Times.]

Up to 1820 no statistics of immigration into this country were kept officially, but the numbers were trivial, only 8,385 foreign immigrants being reported for that year. In 1830 the number was 23,300; in 1840, 84,000; in 1850, 104,500; in 1860, 369,000; in 1870, 427,500. That was the maximum number for nearly 20 years. In 1855 and 1856, the number was about 200,000 each; it rose to 251,000 in 1857; was 153,640 in 1860; in 1861 and 1862, for the obvious reason that our war was a deterrent, fell to 91,000; the labor demand so far overcame this that the number rose to 176,000 in 1863, 193,400 in 1864, and 249,000 in 1865. From 1865 to 1873, during the term of post-war paper prosperity, when labor was immensely in demand, immigration was heavy, reaching the highest figure in 1873, 459,800. It fell to 313,000 in 1874, 227,000 in 1875, 170,000 in 1876, 142,000 in 1877, 138,000 in 1878, but rose to 178,000 in 1879, and was, of course, very much increased in 1880. England and Ireland (taking 1875 as a standard) send about one-third, 152,000 out of 460,000; it may surprise most readers, however, to know that those two countries send about an equal number, and that in 1872, 1875, and 1876-79, England sent more than Ireland. Thus, for 1879, 24,000 immigrants were of English nationality, and 20,000 were Irish. Scotland contributed 13,000 in 1873. Germany sends nearly as many as England and Ireland combined—150,000 in 1873, against 152,000, and 34,000 in 1879, against 44,000. Among the other European countries, Sweden stands next; then Norway; then France, Italy and Austria. Not China alone, but all Asia, overwhelmed us with such hordes as 20,000 in 1873, and 9,800 in 1879. In the 23 years, 1855-77, almost 200,000 Chinamen came in, of whom not more than one-half have since gone back. It would be interesting if the outward as well as the inward movement were recorded. In 1876, according to British statistics, 54,564 persons went from the United Kingdom to this country, and 54,697 went thither from this country; to Canada, 9,335, and 6,229 from Canada; to Australia, 32,196, and 2,579 from Australia; total emigration, 109,469, and 71,904 total immigration. The total movement of Irish from May, 1851, to the end of 1876, according to these reports, was 2,415,000 leaving Ireland direct, of whom nineteen-twentieths came to this country; 67 per cent. of the whole number leaving the United Kingdom from 1853 to 1876 also came here. It is perhaps a hopeful symptom that the human tide which will fly for many years set to these Western shores contains a larger proportion of skilled or half-skilled laborers, and a smaller proportion of the least desirable class than used to be the case.

WAIFS.

An Oil City maiden, who had just recovered from a two-days' attack of green-apple cramps, recited in public the other night that touching poem, "Go feel what I have felt," with such emphasis that it brought tears to the eyes of the green grocer.

Rev. Dr. Deems is accustomed to relate some feeling incident before the first hymn in church on Sunday morning. Recently he told this: A Christian man one day said to a friend, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" "Nobody's," was the answer; "it was under my aunt's preaching."

The Old Man Who Bit.

[From the Little Rock Gazette.]

A marriage has just occurred in this colored city near this city, from which heavy law suit is likely to grow. Edmund Skaty, whose "ole mans" was down the river. He owns several hundred acres of rich bottom land, with plenty of mules and farming implements. The situation he drew around his house on a of refinement which his neighbors could not hope to rival. Old Ed. knew only a child, a magnificent daughter, who had a complexion in the depth of its olive-brown, a richness, Zoda attracted attention. She could dance the twist-waltz with a charming grace, or could write with a rooster's head with an acceleration of chicken could never hope to imitate. Skatys came from all directions. "Yaller man" with the striped pants, the black man with duck trousers, devoted to her. Old Ed. knew that money was the loadstone that attracted a needle of admiration, and having a good understanding with the girl, he would, upon the arrival of a new suit, stand him at ease by saying:

"Purfectly welcome, sah, purfectly before yer begin dis race, jes let me take yer 'rangements wid me. I am administrator ob dat gal's affairs, and what I says is de law an' de gospel ob her."

The suitor would of course come as a natural consequence, a strange relationship would follow. Sometimes an lover would attempt to squeeze the man's hand, but while the lover held one of his hands, the other retained in his pocket book.

"I wants ter marry yer daughter, de 'yaller man.' De lub what I fur dat 'oman almost takes my life."

"I will 'cent ter de nuptials ob conditions," said the old man.

"Name de 'petation,'" exclaimed "yaller man," encouraged.

"I yer know dat dars argwine to be a ob pain an' trouble fur de married peob ob dis world."

"Yes, sah."

"In dat 'vent all men must be willed ter stan' de sorted out shere. Lemme take a hold ob yer arm wid my tek, yer can stan' de pain widout winking gal an' dis whole firm shall be yours."

"Hite a mighty tough trial, ole man."

"I know his, but his a mighty tough trial fur a man ter gin up all his wealth."

"Data a fact. Fix yer mouf, de head headed Moses, man, yer got tushin de a yaller-gater!"

"The 'yaller man' handed an arm to Ed. The heartless old fellow took it between his teeth and closed down. The 'yaller man' yelled so loud that the river, answered and brought his boat to a stop.

"Go on away," said the old man. "Yer can't stan' no pain. I wouldn't let my daughter to marry such a pusion."

The "yaller man" left. The black man came and was tried. He left. Buzards came and were tried, but all were unable to stand the pressure of the old man's jaw. Finally a "Democratic nigger" from Little Rock went down. The same position was made and accepted.

"Ef yer think dat yer can stan' de pressure yer can try," said old Ed. "but I bedinged if yer doan wish dat yer self had a seed me."

"I am willing," said the Democrat.

"But we must sign the papers."

"Dat's all right," replied Ed. "We done dot afore an' hit did not skear me."

The papers were drawn up and sent to before a justice of the peace. The firm and girl were to be the Democrat nigger property in case of his success. The day was appointed. All parties were in town. Old Ed. had filed his teeth until they were as sharp as the knives of an executioner.

